Chapter 286: The Power Transfer and Return to the Void

The vast emptiness of the void was silent, its infinite reaches a perfect reflection of the endless unknowns of the multiverse. However, within the silence, there was movement. The clone of Sung Jin-Woo, having absorbed the remnants of The Primordial Pantheon, felt the vast swell of power surge through it.

The process of absorbing the remnants was not one of simple acquisition; it was a transmutation—a merging of energies so potent that it threatened to tear apart the very fabric of existence. But the clone, though only a fraction of Sung Jin-Woo's true power, had been forged to withstand such a force. It was an extension of its creator, and its purpose was clear: to return to the master.

With the remnants of the Primordial Pantheon fully absorbed, the clone made its way from the void, where the echoes of the ancient gods still lingered, and traversed across the realms to the Umbra Citadel—the seat of Sung Jin-Woo’s dominion. The Citadel, a towering fortress of shadow and power, stood as a symbol of Sung Jin-Woo's supremacy in the universe. His true body, immense and imposing, stood at the very heart of the Citadel, awaiting the return of its messenger.

The Power Transfer

The clone arrived at the grand hall of the Umbra Citadel. The shadows shifted as it moved, a flicker of power rippling in the air. As it approached the central chamber, where the heart of Sung Jin-Woo’s original body resided, a quiet understanding passed between them—the bond between the creator and his creation.

The original body of Sung Jin-Woo stood in the center of the chamber, his towering presence casting a shadow that stretched across the entire room. Despite being in his true form, his attention was focused, awaiting the arrival of his clone. When the clone approached, the exchange was instantaneous.

The essence of the clone, infused with the immense power of the Primordial Pantheon, was transferred seamlessly into Sung Jin-Woo’s true body. It was as if the original body absorbed the energy effortlessly, as if the two forms were one, joined in a continuous flow of power. The surge of energy was intoxicating, overwhelming even for a being of Sung Jin-Woo’s caliber.

The remnants of the Primordial Pantheon were more than just raw power—they were a culmination of forgotten truths, ancient forces, and the essence of existence itself. By absorbing them, Sung Jin-Woo’s body experienced a profound awakening. His power increased exponentially, beyond what was thought possible.

It was as if the very fabric of the universe itself bowed before him, acknowledging the new height of his strength. The clone, now drained of its purpose, stood motionless for a moment, as if tethered to the original body.

A New Era of Power

The transference was complete, but the energy left behind in its wake was not something to be dismissed. The newly enhanced Sung Jin-Woo stood taller than before, his presence radiating with an overwhelming force that reverberated through the very air of the Umbra Citadel. The power he now wielded was beyond comparison—an insurmountable force that even the gods of the Primordial Pantheon could not have imagined.

His eyes, those deep, unfathomable pools of darkness, gleamed with a newfound light, reflecting the ancient powers he now possessed. His form, already towering and imposing, seemed even more so, as if the very essence of the multiverse itself had been woven into his being.

But this power came with its own weight. While his body had absorbed the strength of the Primordial Pantheon, it was still an extension of the will of Sung Jin-Woo. The clone, which had been the vessel for this power, was no longer needed in this realm. Its purpose had been fulfilled, and its duty was clear: return to the void and continue its role as the overseer of the endless nothingness.

And so, with a final glance at his true body—now brimming with the power of the ancient pantheon—the twelfth clone of Sung Jin-Woo turned, its mission now complete. It would return to the void, to resume its eternal role as the supervisor of that forgotten place.

The Return to the Void

As the clone departed from the Umbra Citadel, the world around it seemed to warp and shift, as if the boundaries between dimensions were thinning. The clone’s form, though powerful, was but a whisper in the vastness of the multiverse. It moved effortlessly through space, guided by a sense of purpose.

The void welcomed the clone once more, its infinite expanse stretching out before it like a sea of darkness. The remnants of the Primordial Pantheon had left their mark on the clone’s power, and now it would be tasked with overseeing the balance of all that was and would be.

Here, in the vast nothingness, the clone would exist in a state of perpetual observation. It would watch over the unseen forces of creation, guiding the flow of time, existence, and destruction. The clone was not merely a remnant of Sung Jin-Woo’s true self—it was a divine instrument of oversight, the embodiment of the Shadow Monarch’s will.

As it drifted deeper into the void, the clone felt the weight of its responsibility. Its power was immense, yet it was not free to use it as it pleased. It was bound by a higher purpose, to maintain the balance of the realms and to ensure that the Primordial Pantheon’s remnants did not disturb the cosmic order.

The clone’s presence in the void was not simply one of observation; it was a force of balance. The energies of the multiverse flowed through it, and it shaped them, ensuring that none would tip the scales too far in any direction. It was a guardian of

the void, the overseer of nothingness, and in that emptiness, it would remain for eternity.

The Cycle Continues

As the clone settled into its place in the void, the true Sung Jin-Woo—his body now infused with the power of the Primordial Pantheon—stood in the heart of the Umbra Citadel. His power was immeasurable, and his resolve unwavering. He had become something beyond mortal comprehension—a being whose strength surpassed even the gods of old.

But despite the overwhelming power at his disposal, Sung Jin-Woo knew that his true path was still ahead of him. The realms were vast, and the forces that sought to challenge him would not cease. Yet, with the power of the Primordial Pantheon now within him, he was ready to face whatever came next.

And so, the cycle continued. The clone would remain in the void, watching over the balance of existence, while Sung Jin-Woo prepared for the trials ahead. The power of the Primordial Pantheon would serve as a foundation for whatever future lay before him—a future where no force could match the might of the Shadow Monarch.

The universe would tremble at his feet, but Sung Jin-Woo remained ever vigilant, knowing that the power he now wielded was but one part of the grand tapestry of fate.